

## forever would be nice

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## forever would be nice

by [jbird181](#)

### Summary

“No, it’s actually a good idea, I mean just think of the benefits. And if you ever want to like marry someone else then maybe we can like get a divorce, but we can— ugh just marry me.”

“Okay.”

“What?”

George is immensely thankful his webcam is off because his face is burning up and everything sounds far away as Dream says again, “I’ll marry you, George.”

No one actually knows what George came to Florida for. He left most of his stuff in his flat. Even Robert is staying with his parents because he didn’t want to subject him to a transatlantic flight if he just comes back in three months. It’s not like he’s ashamed or anything, it’s just... It’s just no big deal. George is going to hang out with Dream, have a good time, and maybe get married and stay here forever.

No big deal.

**(Now includes a bonus road trip one shot.)**

## Notes

Please remember to be chill and respectful of Dream and George and their friendship!

I was inspired by the clip at 2:23 from [these stream highlights](#).

Title is from [\*I'll See You in 40\* by Joji](#). The song has nothing to do with George and Dream, I just like it lol.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## **forever would be nice**

“Are you actually going to move here?” Dream asks. His voice is louder like he’s leaning closer to his mic.

“Well yeah I would like to, it’s just complicated.”

“It might be hard for you to get a visa to go to America,” Skeppy chimes in.

It really was a joke at first. George doesn’t understand why no one believes him when he says he was just kidding. He and Dream joke around like that all the time, and it doesn’t mean anything. But one minute, he was in a call with Dream and Skeppy and months later he’s in the Florida airport clutching the handle of his luggage as he looks between his phone and the lobby, trying to match the picture Dream *finally* sent him to the face of the real live person he’s engaged to.

It’s been a crazy year.

“Yeah, that’s the thing, the process is actually ridiculous,” George sighs. He almost spits out his sip of water as he realizes, “Wait you can just marry me, right Dream?”

It’s a joke, and it’s a funny one too based on the way Dream wheezes.

“Oh my god,” Skeppy laughs.

“Actually though, it’s a good idea. I’d get my visa and we’d get like tax benefits or whatever.”

He can hear the smirk in Dream’s voice even though he’s never seen his face as he says, “Yeah, I’m sure you’re thinking about the tax benefits, George. Just admit you loooove me.”

“No, it’s *actually* a good idea, I mean just think of the benefits. And if you ever want to like marry someone else then maybe we can like get a divorce, but we can—ugh just marry me.”

“Okay.”

“What?”

George is immensely thankful his webcam is off because his face is burning up and everything sounds far away as Dream says again, “I’ll marry you, George.”

It’s actually a metric tonne of paperwork.

There’s a hand on his shoulder and George jumps. “Oh my god.” His face is unfamiliar, but he’d know that laugh anywhere. “Don’t scare me like that!”

“Hi, George.”

George huffs. "Hello, Dream."

For a second they just look at each other, then Dream leans down for a careful hug, and George hooks his free arm around Dream's waist.

"You're actually so tall, this is not fair."

He will never get tired of hearing Dream laugh.

"Hey, it's not my fault you're tiny." Dream gives him a little squeeze and swoops under George's arm to grab his suitcase while he's still distracted.

"Dream, give it back! I have arms you know." George gives him a little shove for emphasis, almost expecting Dream to light up red, which he knows is *so dumb*.

"You're my *guest*, let me take care of you." George can take care of himself perfectly fine, thank you very much, but he'd be lying if he said a part of him didn't like the sound of that, especially after a 10 hour flight.

"Fine," he sniffs. "You may."

"Let's blow this popsicle stand," quips Dream, putting on his sunglasses. His dirty blonde hair is sticking up where the glasses were previously sat atop his head, and George has the strangest urge to smooth it.

He shoves his traitorous hands in his pockets, following Dream through the sliding doors. The humidity slams into him like a wall. "How do you live like this? It's so *hot*."

Dream shrugs, chuckling at George's incredulousness. "You'll get used to it."

He never realized how broad Dream's shoulders are. He sneaks peeks at his face as they walk, trying to reconcile the features with the voice he knows. It's actually unfair how attractive Dream is.

"It's disappointing to know Sapnap was lying, he said you were hot," George teases.

"Aww." Dream knocks their shoulders together and pulls his keys out of his pocket, unlocking his car.

George scoffs. "I'm obviously kidding."

Dream's smile gives George the same swooping feeling in his stomach as if he almost fell as Dream heaves George's bag into the trunk, his arms flexing distractingly. "Georgeee, that's so sweet." George is so flustered he gets into the driver's seat on accident. "Move over, idiot."

George rolls his eyes to hide his embarrassment and gets in the other side instead. "You're not going to let me drive?"

"Am I going to let the guy who doesn't know where we're going and *doesn't know how to drive* drive?"

"Well when you put it that way..." George fastens his seatbelt. "Your car is so clean."

Dream starts the car, pulls out of the spot, and they're on their way. "I may have cleaned it yesterday."

“Aww, you cleaned your car just for me?” He’s giddy, almost overwhelmed by everything, really. He tries not to stare, but his eyes are drawn back and back to him anyway.

“Play some music,” says Dream, groping for the cord. His fingers brush George’s thigh before he holds it up, handing it to George. He fumbles plugging it into his phone. It feels like his thigh is tingling where Dream touched it. This is so *ridiculous*, George is just nervous because they’ve never met up before, and it’s like... weird. Especially with the whole marriage premise of the visit. That little detail.

“Jesus, Take the Wheel” starts playing, and Dream snorts, looking at George.

“Eyes on the road!”

“Okay, okay!” Dream merges onto the highway. “Are you hungry?”

“I’m starving.”

“Cool, I was thinking we could pick up sushi and take it back to my place?”

“Hell yeah.” George glances out of the corner of his eye at Dream’s pleased smile.

It’s weird to not have something to do with his hands as they chat, no sheep to kill or iron to mine, but he doesn’t necessarily mind it.

They arrive at Dream’s house with the sushi, and when Dream insists on carrying George’s bag, George stubbornly carries the food. “Wow, Dream, your house is so fancy.” It is nice, all bright and open and all those home adjectives his mum uses.

“Thank you. I figured you could stay in the spare room upstairs.”

“I thought we were going to put our beds next to each other.”

“I’m saving myself for marriage, actually,” Dream says, his eyes sparkling.

“I wouldn’t want to steal your virtue.” They both laugh, and George sets the sushi on the table.

“Oh, actually I thought we could eat in the living room and like watch something.”

“Okay,” George follows Dream into the living room and sits down on the couch, hyper-aware of the space between them. “What do you want to watch?” They waste twenty minutes bickering before landing on something, and the worst part is it doesn’t even matter because all George can focus on is the way his left arm keeps *almost* bumping into Dream’s right one as they eat, and how Dream tucks his legs under himself, sitting criss-cross with his knee just barely brushing George’s thigh. His eyelids are also getting heavier by the second, which doesn’t exactly help. He rests them for just a second.

“George?”

“Hm?”

“Are you sleeping?” He can hear the laugh lying in wait in Dream’s voice.

“No. How are you not tired?”

“It’s only eleven, George.”

“Oh. What?” He opens his eyes, blinking.

“Haven’t you ever heard of jet lag, idiot?”

“Yes, of course I’ve *heard* of jet lag, my sleep schedule is just so fucked I didn’t think it’d affect me.”

“Do you want to turn this off and sleep?”

“No, no, I’m awake.”

George wakes up a couple hours later to an arm around his shoulder and Dream watching something quietly on his phone.

“Dream?”

“Oh good, I didn’t want to wake you.”

“Oh. Thank you.” His insides feel like pins and needles, all tingly and strange.

“I do have an actual bed for you, I’m sure it’ll be more comfortable.”

George tries to hide his irrational disappointment. “Yes, thank you.” He lies awake staring at the ceiling that night, telling himself he can’t fall back asleep because he just napped, and because of the jet lag and because, because, because...

The next morning, Dream’s door is cracked open, which George takes as an invitation to poke his head in. “Dream?”

“Huh?” He shades his eyes with his arm, and George will never admit it out loud, but he’s kinda cute all sleepy.

“Dream, I want to shower.”

He groans, “You don’t have to ask. There’s towels in the closet.”

“Thank you, Dream.” George grabs a towel from the closet and turns on the water, stepping in and letting the water warm up around him. He shivers and scrubs his hands over his face, leaning his head back into the water and closing his eyes. It feels good to wash away the travelling grime. He’s never understood what *glacier* -scented body wash is supposed to smell like, but Dream’s soap smells good so it’s whatever.

Dream’s in the kitchen when George finishes getting ready, washing his hands while something cooks on the stove. “You like eggs right?”

“I do. Do you treat all your booty calls this well?”

“What?” Dream flicks water at him. “You’re not my booty call.”

“According to the paperwork, I’m your *fiancé*.” Neither of them laugh at that.

George forces a smile. “So when are we getting married? Should I unpack my white dress?”

Dream turns around, meticulously moving the eggs around in the pan. “I mean, we don’t have to

rush into it. We saw each other in person for the first time like twelve hours ago. Let's just enjoy our time together and let what happens happen, okay? We have like ninety days before you'd have to go back."

"Okay. That's reasonable." He bounces his knee, hating the adrenaline coursing through him, hating his dumb, stupid endocrine system for making him uneasy around his best friend. "I can't believe I'm your 90 day fiancé. The drama."

Dream laughs at him, and everything's okay again.

No one actually knows what he came to Florida for. He left most of his stuff in his flat. Even Robert is staying with his parents because he didn't want to subject him to a transatlantic flight if he just comes back in three months. It's not like he's ashamed or anything, it's just... It's just no big deal. George is going to hang out with Dream, have a good time, and maybe get married and stay here forever.

No big deal.

It's on the third day that George finally sets up his stream setup and goes live, preparing himself for the questions. It's weird having Dream next door as they play survival. He hears everything first in real life, then again directly in his ear like an echo. He fishes from the roof and reads donations, and Dream stands in the way, his lime green body bobbing in the water. "Yeah guys I'm at Dream's house. Is Dream a good host? No, he's awful, he's keeping me locked in his basement, and he's so mean to me."

Dream scoffs. "You're such a liar."

"See! No, Dream is a wonderful host—hey! Don't kill me! *Dream!*"

After the stream, George closes out of Twitch and leans back in his chair, sighing.

"Hungry?"

George's head snaps around. For a second, it feels like he's watching himself looking at Dream from somewhere outside himself, disorientedly taking in Dream's t-shirt and pajama bottoms as he brushes his longish, messy hair out of his eyes. "Yes."

They heat up a frozen pizza, leaning against the counter and bantering. George burns his mouth on the first slice, and Dream laughs at him.

George feels eyes on him as he rinses his plate for the dishwasher and turns around to meet them. "What?" he asks, more unsettled than annoyed.

"What?" Dream parrots.

"God, you're so annoying."

"But you loooove me."

"So you say."

"It's okay, I know you do."

George runs out of dishes. Dream is still looking at him, so George stares back. “Your eyes are actually green.”

“Yeah? What about it?”

“Nothing.”

Dream snorts. “*Nothing*. You never give compliments like a normal person.”

“I’m not *complimenting* you, I didn’t say your eyes were pretty or anything.”

“Aww, you think my eyes are pretty?” Dream beams at him.

George splutters. “What? Sure, fine, your eyes are very pretty, Dream, you’re so pretty.”

Dream tackles him onto the couch, laughing, and George tries to wrestle him down, flipping Dream over only to be flipped back. He can’t remember ever laughing this hard, even as Dream’s foot finds its way into George’s stomach. “Oof, Dream!”

Dream pauses, mouth open in a smile as they both pant. “Oops.” Their faces are so close together, all George would have to do is tilt his chin up. If he let himself look at Dream’s mouth he’d go all cross-eyed.

“You are the worst,” George says fondly, a little flushed. “Get off me.”

Dream drops his body on top of George’s instead, his face pressed into George’s neck, and George lets out a gasp. “Dream! You’re so heavy, get off.”

He can feel Dream’s chest vibrating as he snickers. “Make me get off.”

George smirks and shoves him off, Dream landing in a heap on the floor. “Ouch.”

“It’s your own fault, dumbass.” He has to bite his cheek to keep from smiling.

“Yeah, yeah, move over.” George scoots over, and Dream hooks an arm around George’s shoulder with a practiced casualness. George doesn’t mention it, cheeks hurting from smiling. Who’s to say he can’t have this? No messy labels or paperwork or announcements, just Dream. That’s all he wants really, just Dream.

By the twenty-third day, George has stopped counting. He’s still uncomfortably aware of how each day brings them closer to the deadline where they’ll either get married or he’ll go back to London, but he pushes that to the back of his mind. He thinks his life wouldn’t change terribly if he had to go back. He thinks he wouldn’t mind terribly. He thinks he’s getting worse at lying to himself.

They’re streaming again, which they do most days. Sometimes they stream, sometimes they record, sometimes they just hang out. They’re playing survival again, and George is replanting the farm. He pushes his hair out of his eyes. “Ugh, my hair’s getting long.”

“Then go get it cut, idiot.”

“I don’t know where to go,” he whines.

“Seriously? George, just Google it. It’s not like barbers only exist in England.”

“Alright, fine.” He turns away from the wall he shares with Dream, even though Dream can’t see him and moans, “Guys, Dream was so nice to me when I first got here.” He affects his worst Dream impression: “George, let me take your bag, George, are you hungry? What’s mine is yours, George.” He pretends to pout. “Now it’s Google it, idiot.”

“You are such a baby,” laughs Dream, and the stream moves on.

Afterward, he goes and gets it cut, idiot. And Dream *doesn’t notice*. It’s actually infuriating. He says hello to Dream, who’s editing a video, and he barely even turns around. So George takes a shower, and puts on his own gray *GeorgeNotFound* sweatshirt.

Dream is sitting on the couch on his phone. George can smell something good cooking in the oven. He sits down on the end of the couch, throwing his legs over Dream’s lap. Dream looks up. “Hello.”

“Hello, Dream,” he says expectantly.

Dream encircles George’s ankle with his fingers. “What?”

“Come on, I can’t believe you didn’t notice.”

“Notice what?”

George huffs at the bewilderment on Dream’s face. “I got a haircut.”

“Oh.” Dream tugs on his leg to pull George into his lap and tousles the short strands. “I’m sorry, it just looks the same to me but shorter.”

“That’s what a haircut is!” George sulks. “Whatever.”

“You look nice.”

“*Thank you.*”

He’s only half pretending to be annoyed, which is the stupidest part. Dream leaves his arm around George’s shoulders as they turn on a show though, and halfway through he starts tracing patterns on the back of George’s head, dragging his nails through the close cropped hair until George shivers involuntarily. Dream stills.

“No, you don’t have to—don’t stop. It feels nice,” George chokes out.

“Okay,” Dream says easily, and George can feel the vibrations of his chest as he speaks. His voice sounds deeper somehow. He goes back to lightly scratching George’s head, and George lets himself slump into him, dropping his face into Dream’s shoulder, so his voice is muffled when he mumbles, “You have really nice hands.”

“What?!”

George groans and presses his face harder into Dream’s shoulder, eyes squeezed shut, pants uncomfortably tight. “You heard me.”

Dream presses a light kiss to the back of his neck, and George can’t help but shiver again. “You like my hands?”

Getting the word out is like swallowing treacle. His mouth feels glued together as he breathes out, “Yes.” He can feel Dream’s hands moving slowly down his back, down and then back up, sliding

under his sweatshirt to meet bare skin. George breathes in sharply. If his heart beat out of his chest and he died right now, well that would be a way to go.

“Put your, lift your arms up,” Dream says like he’s walking on ice, choosing each word carefully, testing that if he puts his foot down in front of him he’ll hit ice and not freezing water.

“What are you, a cop?” George prods, lifting his arms up anyway, face burning.

“Stop! You have violated the law!” They both giggle as Dream pulls George’s shirt and sweatshirt over his head in one fluid motion. The collar catches on his nose, and when he can see again Dream is tossing his clothes aside, and then his hands are securely on George’s hips. He keeps exploring George’s body: chest, shoulders, sides. Dream’s hand lands possessively on his ass, and the nether will freeze over before George admits it’s a nice sensation.

“Dream,” he breathes, squirming.

Dream hums a reply, his other hand finally landing on George’s clothed cock.

George cant his hips up involuntarily, biting his lip to keep from making noise. “Is this okay?” asks Dream.

“Yes, um yes this is fine, if you stop now I will literally kill you.” Dream laughs, and it’s the best sound he’s ever heard. He kisses him before he can think about it, fisting a hand in Dream’s hair and nipping his bottom lip in revenge for the teasing.

“You are feisty.” Dream slips his hand under George’s waistband and grips his cock, stroking roughly. He spits on his hand before slipping it back in, and the friction is so much better. George can’t help but moan, throwing his head back. Dream takes the opportunity to kiss his neck, and when George shivers, to gently bite down, soothing the spot with his tongue.

“Hnnng, Dream.”

Dream looks up through his lashes at him, smirking. “Yes? Need something, baby?”

A flash of heat flows through him at the pet name, and he lunges forward, catching Dream’s face in his hands and kissing him. “I hate you, you’re the worst, just touch me.”

Dream hums appreciatively into his mouth, kissing him back as he uses quick, short, delicious strokes on George’s cock. “You’re so hot, George. So hot.”

“Dream, I’m gonna—fuck, I’m gonna come.”

Dream twists his wrist, and the tight, slick movement of Dream’s hand sends George over the edge, arching his back as he comes.

“Good boy,” Dream murmurs.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“Dream,” he wheedles. “What did you say? I didn’t hear you.”

Dream clears his throat and looks away. “It’s dumb. I said *good boy*.”

“Oh. Well that’s, that’s alright I guess.” He kisses Dream again to hide his blush. “You can call

me... *that*."

"I will then."

George rubs his thumb across Dream's cheekbone, liking how pink his cheeks are. "You're actually gorgeous, so unfair."

Dream laughs. "Aww, you're so sweet to me now that you've come."

George pins Dream down to the couch, stretching him out lengthwise and straddling his lap, his chest hovering above Dream's. "Facts don't care about your feelings, Dream, you're just objectively hot, I'm sorry." He can't stop smiling as Dream laughs, looking pleased.

"What are you going to do to me?"

"Put your hands above your head." Dream complies. "No, cross your wrists." Dream crosses them, looking inquisitively up at George, who smirks. "Keep them there. I want to return the favor, okay?"

"Yes, very okay."

George takes Dream's cock into his mouth, and Dream gasps. He's never done this before, but it's gratifying to see Dream enjoying himself anyway as George experiments with speed and pressure, trying to figure out what Dream likes best. It's giddy to have Dream at his mercy like this, his hips bucking. George sucks him deeper into his mouth, and Dream moans. He's overflowing with emotions he can't name, so he closes his eyes and focuses on taste and touch and sound and not choking until Dream cries out, "*George*" and comes in his mouth. George swallows without thinking about it.

Dream groans and reaches for him. "Holy fuck."

"Did I say you could move your arms?"

Dream freezes and smiles slowly. His cheeks are still pink, and it's kind of adorable as he drawls, "No." George raises an eyebrow, and Dream recrosses his wrists above his head.

George licks his lips, drinking in the view. "Okay, you can now."

Dream breathes out and wraps his arms around George's waist, tugging him down. "That was nice."

George hums into his shoulder. "I can't believe I just showered." They lie there for another few moments before Dream sits up and ruffles George's hair.

"Alright, go get cleaned up."

George takes a long, hot shower. Dream trades places with him when he finishes, wetting his toothbrush and squeezing out toothpaste like nothing happened.

"Goodnight," George says dumbly.

"Goodnight," Dream mumbles through a mouthful of toothpaste.

George goes to bed, annoyed by the brush of sheets against his skin and the breeze from the fan and how it's too hot *without* the fan and how everything is so fucking complicated.

Apparently this is the line they toe without crossing: George brings Dream water when he forgets to hydrate while speedrunning. Dream “accidentally” leaves a sweatshirt in what has become George’s room, and George “accidentally” wears it. They cuddle on the couch, but never in either bed. It’s been a month, and George can barely remember what life is like without the sweltering Florida sun and Dream in the next room. They still haven’t talked about what it means that they’re hooking up, and that is perfectly fine with George. It’s so hard to put labels on things and talk about feelings and so easy to kiss Dream until he almost forgets his own name.

He’s checking Twitter when he realizes the date: August 7th means he’s been here a month. More importantly, August 7th means that Dream’s birthday is in five days.

He has to get him a gift, the guy is letting him stay in his house and feeding him and putting up with him. There’s no one else on earth George can think of that would agree to marry him just so he could get an American visa, and certainly no one that might actually go through with it.

He needs to get him something perfect.

“Dream, I’m going to the store.”

“Oh, want me to drive you?”

George looks up from the walking directions he’s pulled up.

“It’s fine, I know you’re busy.”

“Not really. Were you planning to walk there? George, you’ll get heatstroke.”

“Okay fine, you twisted my arm.”

Dream slips his feet into his sneakers without untying them and grabs his keys from the counter.  
“Okay, ready when you are. What do you need to get?”

“Oh I need um...” he didn’t think this far ahead. “I just wanted to get my family something cool from America.”

“Nice. Want to go to the mall then? You’ll have options.”

“Sure, sounds great.” He’s sure inspiration will strike once he’s there.

Dream turns on the car and lowers the windows, releasing some of the stuffy, humid air. George is already sweating. It feels better once they start moving though, and George tips his head towards the open window. “Your birthday is soon, right? August 12th?”

Dream glances at him before looking diligently back at the road. “Yeah, George, I didn’t know you cared,” he smiles.

“It’s not hard to remember one date. Are you doing anything for it?”

“Nothing big, since I’ll be twenty-one my friends wanted to take me out. I figured you would just come with me. If you want.”

“Sure. Wow, you’re all grown up now, little baby Dream.”

Dream laughs. “I know, soon I’ll be taller than you too—oh wait.”

“Yeah yeah, keep laughing.” George plugs in his phone and cues up his playlist. “So,” he says casually, “If you could have anything in the world, what would it be?”

“You.”

“Dream, seriously.”

“I am being serious, having you here is an amazing present, and you don’t have to get me anything.”

“Okay, if you say so.”

“I say so.” They stop at a red light, and Dream leans in for a quick kiss. George’s eyes close instinctively as he kisses him back. He refuses to be distracted from his cause though. He’s going to get Dream the best gift he’s ever received, just as soon as George figures out what that is.

They wander around the mall, stopping in a shop with Florida-themed knick-knacks.

“Oh this is cool, George.” Dream shakes a snow globe and shows George as the particles swirl down around the dolphins.

“Yeah, I bet my cat would be transfixed.” He ends up getting mugs for his parents and a postcard to send them. He surreptitiously gets the snow globe too. All he has to do now is somehow lose Dream for long enough to get him the perfect present.

It turns out he doesn’t have to do anything. “I’ve actually been meaning to get new sneakers, mind if I grab some while we’re here?”

“Sure, I think I’m going to just um walk around.” Smooth. “Meet back here in an hour?”

“An hour?!”

“30 minutes? I don’t know how long it takes you to pick out shoes.”

“Okay, 30 minutes.” They head their separate ways, George speed-walking to the GameStop he spotted earlier. According to Dream, he speedwalks when he beats Minecraft too, which is rude and untrue.

A bell chimes when he walks into the shop, heading for the Switch games. “Yes,” he hisses, grabbing Animal Crossing from the pile. Dream had mentioned how he kept trying to get the game but couldn’t find it. He brings it up to the checkout.

“You’re lucky,” says the cashier. “We just got these in and they go quick.”

“I guess luck is on my side today,” George smiles. All this American optimism is getting to him. He’s strolling back to the meeting-place, taking his time, when he sees one of the many jewelry stores. He stops in on a whim, just to look. He has time to spare after all.

An employee looks up from the necklace he’s polishing. “Good afternoon, sir, can I help you?”

“Uh yes, actually.” He feels disoriented again, like he’s piloting himself in F5 mode. “I guess I need a wedding ring.”

“Congratulations.” The man walks to a different section of the case, pulling out a rack of intricate rings.

George swallows, the lump in his throat going down like fruitcake. “Oh, actually I’m looking for a men’s band.”

“Of course, I’m sorry for assuming.”

“It’s fine,” George wheezes out. The man pulls out a different rack and shows George the different styles and colors. A lot of the stones look yellowy-tan to him, but one stands out: a wide, flat, simple silver band with strips of a pretty light blue stone on the edges. It’s perfect. “I’ll take this one.”

“Great choice. What size do you need for him?”

“Oh crap, I don’t know.” George tries on the ring, which fits snugly on his finger. “What size is this one? I need one bigger than this for sure.” He imagines Dream’s hands, broader than George’s own, trying to estimate by how much.

“This is a nine, so would you like a ten or eleven maybe?”

“I don’t know.” George tries on the proffered rings. It’s so strange to see a band on his ring finger.

The man looks thoughtful. “Go with the eleven, that’s my professional opinion.”

“Okay, the eleven then.” He hands the ring back, and the man tucks it in an inconspicuous black box. George hands over his credit card.

“You know,” the man muses, “You’re the second man I’ve had in here this afternoon looking for a wedding band.”

George tucks the box into his pocket. “Wedding season I guess.”

“True. Have a nice day! And congratulations, again.”

“Thank you,” says George, smiling despite himself.

He almost gets lost three times on his way back to the meeting spot, so distracted by the box burning a hole in his pocket. When he finally arrives, Dream’s there holding a bag, looking at something on his phone. He looks up. “Finally, I was about to ask if I could use the P.A. system to look for you.”

“Sorry, I got sidetracked.”

“I’m just kidding. Want to go home?”

“Yes please.” Dream offers him his hand, and George takes it.

When they get home, George tucks the little box in his drawer, under a sweatshirt for good measure. It’s enough to know it’s there, to be able to take it out and marvel at it. It’s enough to imagine it on Dream’s hand, a quiet, tangible acknowledgement that what they have is here to stay. For now, it’s enough.

“Are you ready? Kara’s almost here.”

“Yeah!” George finally puts on his favorite black t-shirt after ten minutes of deliberating. It’s perfectly reasonable to want to look nice when you’re meeting a bunch of new people, but he

knows Dream would laugh at him anyway in that annoying, effortlessly handsome way of his.

“George, when we get there, how should I—how do you want me to introduce you?”

George checks his pockets: phone, wallet, house key, all good. “However you want, I guess.”

He follows Dream outside, who locks the door behind them before heading down to the waiting car and the girl standing outside it. “Hey Kara, thanks for picking us up.”

She rises up on her toes to give him a hug. “No problem, birthday boy.”

George has to look away. It’s like a scene from a movie: the pretty, petite girl in a summery dress and tall, all-American boy. They just look right together. George shoves his irrational anger down.

Kara lets go, smiling at them both. “Aren’t you going to introduce me?”

“Right. Kara, this is my fiancé, George. George, Kara.” His heart stops for a second, but she just leans in for a hug, and George lets her. Goddamnit, she even smells good.

“Nice to meet you,” he says.

“Likewise,” she smiles. He’s being such an idiot, she’s nice and she didn’t do anything wrong. He still feels like puffing out his chest when Dream takes the backseat next to George instead of shotgun though. “I’m taking you guys home later, right? I’m not drinking.”

“Yeah, that’d be great.” They start talking about people and places that George doesn’t know, so he lets their voices wash over him, counting the palm trees they pass. Everything’s prettier lit up by the setting sun.

Kara parks in some city lot and gets out to grab a parking validation ticket. While they’re waiting, George says “She’s cute.”

“Kara? Yeah she’s great.”

“Are you into her?” he probes.

“No.” Dream frowns. “Why, are you?”

“No, just—it would be fine if you were, Dream.”

“Well I’m not.”

“Okay, okay, sorry.” George becomes very interested in the gravel on the ground.

Kara brandishes the ticket, heading back over. “Ready?”

The three of them walk down the sidewalk to the bar Dream’s friends had picked out.

“Better get your ID ready, Clay,” Kara teases, and George finds himself smiling too as Dream sheepishly shows the bouncer his driver’s license.

Dream introduces him around, calling him his fiancé every time, which makes George feel like he drank a soda too fast, pride fizzing up inside him every time Dream slings an arm around his shoulder and says, “This is my fiancé, George.” He’s not really a fan of parties and forgets everyone’s names immediately, but he has a nice time. Dream is still beaming as he sleepily gets out of Kara’s car back at his house technically early the next morning.

“Thanks for the ride,” says George.

“Yes thank you!”

“No problem,” she smiles. “Happy Birthday, Clay.”

She drives off, and Dream opens the door, sighing when the key finally slots in and turns. “I think I’m gonna sleep, George.”

“You should at least brush your teeth first. You’ll be glad in the morning.”

Dream pouts. “Fine.” He heads to the bathroom, but George stops by the kitchen, filling two glasses of water. He sets them on the bathroom counter, grabbing his own toothbrush.

Dream raises an eyebrow. “Trust me, you’re going to want to drink it all.” They each chug a glass of water and Dream heads to his bedroom. “Are you going to sleep in jeans?”

“Yes?” Dream answers slowly.

“Well at least take off your belt.” Dream complies, sleepily pulling it from the loops and dropping it on the floor. “Oh shit!” George facepalms. “I didn’t give you your present.”

“Wow, you suck,” laughs Dream, flinging himself onto his bed.

George quickly grabs the package from his room. “Here.”

Dream carefully unwraps the game and snow globe. “What? How’d you find Animal Crossing? I thought I looked everywhere.”

“I looked in the mall, silly.”

Dream shakes the snow globe, watching the flurries and smiling. “Thank you, George, they’re perfect.” He sets the game and snow globe on his nightstand and reaches for George. “Come here.” He doesn’t need to ask twice. George settles in his lap, and Dream kisses him, slow and all-encompassing, before tilting sideways until they fall onto the bed, George still in his arms as the bed shakes.

“Happy Birthday,” grins George, but Dream is already asleep. Soon George is too.

He wakes up with a slight headache, wishing he’d had the forethought to leave water on the nightstand. It’s bearable though. Dream stirs next to him and rubs his eyes. “Good morning, handsome.

George laughs, tracing the pillow crease on Dream’s cheek. “Morning. You know, I’ve been thinking.”

Dream settles back, lowering his arm over his face to block out the midday sun. “Hm? About what?”

“I was just thinking we could have an open marriage if you want.”

“Is that what you want, George?” His voice isn’t accusatory or anything, gentle even, but George bristles anyway.

“I mean, if that’s what you want—”

“You make everything so complicated, George, just answer the question. Do you want an open marriage?”

“No, I—no.”

“Okay. Me neither.” Dream rolls over and goes back to sleep, and George stares at the spot where Dream’s pink neck, slightly burned from the sun, meets the smooth, tanned planes of his back. George wants to reach out and touch him, but he can’t, *he can’t* —

Dream rolls back over, and George startles, looking away guiltily. “Shut up,” Dream commands.

“I wasn’t—”

“Shut up, George, I could hear you like thinking.” He manhandles George until his back is flush against Dream’s chest, then throws an arm around his body, solid and warm. “I’m not mad at you or anything, just shush and let me sleep for another like ten hours.”

“Okay.” George has to manually force each muscle to relax and think about decidedly non-sexy things before he finally falls back to sleep as well, Dream’s steady exhales on the back of his neck lulling him to sleep.

On the fiftieth day, George wakes up in Dream’s bed, looks at him, and has to extricate himself to cry in the bathroom. It’s stupid really. When he returns, Dream sleepily pulls him back into his arms, pressing his face to the back of George’s neck and hooking a warm, heavy arm over his side.

The questions are on the tip of his tongue: *Dream what are we doing here? What are we?*

He swallows the words instead.

They’re driving to the grocery store when Dream muses, “If you stay here you should learn to drive. I should teach you.”

“Can I even get an American driver’s license?”

“When you get your visa, I’m pretty sure you can.”

*When.* It’s dizzying. They’re two thirds of the way through the ninety days at this point, and the possible outcome both consumes George’s thoughts with its prescience and seems like it will never happen. He’d much rather suffer the foreboding ride to the top of the tallest, ricketiest roller coaster than this. He doesn’t have much of a choice though. He got himself into this whole mess.

George fingers the box in his pocket. He’s taken to carrying it with him, reassuring himself with two soft taps on the lid. Reassuring himself of what, he doesn’t know.

They take turns pushing the cart, gaining momentum and sailing down the empty aisles, giggling the whole way. George has never enjoyed grocery shopping before he got here. To be fair, most things are more fun with Dream than alone.

“George, do you want some beans?” Dream cackles, holding up a can.

“I thought we’d already *been* to this aisle,” George fires back, doubling down on his *correct* pronunciation.

Dream puts a can of something into their cart and turns to coast down the aisle before spotting the other shoppers and sheepishly pushing it normally. George falls into line behind him, affecting a serious expression. He manages to hold his face neutral until Dream looks back at him, eyes wide, and they both burst out silently laughing. It might be his favorite thing about seeing Dream in person, the way they can communicate without any words at all. It's not like communicating over TeamSpeak was hard, per se, but it's effortless when he can see Dream's expressions.

He can't imagine going back to only hearing Dream's voice out of speakers, to sleeping in separate beds. He's spoiled now, a dragon curled atop his treasure trove of indulgences. Dream's facial expressions and meaningful looks and wheezing laugh are his, given freely, and he's going to hold on to them with everything he has. He squeezes Dream's hand briefly, a rare occurrence of PDA, and Dream squeezes back, holding on tight.

It's not enough. There's only twelve days left, and they haven't even talked about the visa situation since George got here, and everything is going to slip through his fingers. He turns the box over and over in his hands. He can't get quite enough air in, it's like his chest is too heavy, weighing him down. It's so quiet without Dream in the house. He knows he's running errands, he'd mentioned something about his P.O. box and cat food. It was hard to focus on the specifics though. George is standing on the edge of a lava lake, and he can see what he wants on the other side, but his inventory is empty, and he doesn't know how he's supposed to get there.

He turns on his computer, pulling up the video files from their last filming session. He should edit, that would take his mind off things.

Watching their avatars chase each other through the treetops just increases the sinking feeling in his chest.

He closes the file.

It hurts, because they can't go back to the way things were before he came to Florida, and he's not even sure he wants them too. But he needs to *know*, he *needs* to be sure. He thinks about streaming, about folding his laundry, about doing anything productive, but he can't stomach any of it.

His parents still have a landline, and he's typed the number into his phone on autopilot.

He presses the call button.

It rings a few times, then, "Hello?"

"Hi mum, it's me."

"George!" Her voice sounds far away for a second as she calls, "Honey, George is on the phone." Then louder, "I'm going to put you on speakerphone, okay? How are you, sweetie?"

"Um not great, actually." He settles onto the couch.

"What's wrong? Aren't you visiting your friend still?"

"Yeah, that's just it." He has to manually override the impulse to backtrack and pretend like everything is fine, like he's just kidding. "Remember how I've been trying to get a visa?"

"Yeah, we remember," says his dad. "Did you get that worked out?"

“Dream agreed to marry me so I could get a visa, as a joke, but then I came to visit, and it’s not a joke anymore, to me.” He swallows. “I don’t know what to do.”

“Oh George,” his mum sighs. “You know we love you, right honey?”

“We love you very much, and we want you to be happy,” says his dad gruffly.

“If you want to marry this boy, all I ask is that we’re invited to the ceremony.”

George wipes his eyes with the back of his hand. “I do want to. But I’m afraid I’m going to ruin everything. How do you know for sure that you want to spend the rest of your life with someone?”

His dad clears his throat. “I don’t know that you can ever really be sure, and I don’t know that everyone is destined for one specific person. In my experience, it’s about finding someone you love and putting in the effort to make it work.”

“Does he know how you feel, George?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“You should tell him.”

The anxiety is seeping away like the tide going out, exposing a growing kernel of surety on the shore. “I will.”

They exchange stories, catching up on Florida and Dream and the neighbors and Robert before finally saying goodbye with a final promise to have a ceremony back in England for his parents to attend, after sorting out the paperwork.

After hanging up, George looks at the ring, running his index finger over the whorls in the light blue stone. It deserves to be worn, by the person he bought it for.

Filled with energy suddenly, George sets about making dinner before Dream gets home, boiling water for pasta and searing chicken. *I love you, Dream.* George practices saying it over and over in his head. *I love you, I love you.*

He hears the door open, hears rustling as Dream puts away his keys and drops the packages and food bag. Patches meows, sniffing it with interest. Dream pads into the kitchen and hugs him from behind, kissing the sensitive spot behind his ear.

“Hello,” George grins. “Miss me?”

“Yes.”

George moves the chicken around so it won’t burn before turning around. Dream leaves his hands on George’s body as he turns, bracketing his waist like parentheses. One of his errands must have been getting his hair cut because it’s shorter now, exposing more of his face, but still curling endearingly over his forehead and ears. George presses a kiss to his jawline. “Wow, you do have cheekbones, who knew?”

Dream tilts his chin down, capturing George’s mouth with his own instead. “I gotta keep you on your toes.”

The timer goes off, and George scrambles to drain the pasta. The chicken looks cooked, so he cuts a piece open to double-check while Dream fills Patches’ bin up with fresh food.

“Are you hungry?”

“Starving,” says Dream, with a look that means *and not for food*. George knows it well. He turns off the stove.

*I love you*, he thinks. The words rest beneath his sternum, tucked away safely, fluttering as they wait to be released. He can’t bring himself to say it out loud yet, so he kisses Dream instead, trying to press the truth of his feelings into him. He feels pressure on his cock and hisses, “Dream, not in the kitchen!”

“Okay, you’re right,” he says mischievously, and all of a sudden George’s feet are above the ground. He gasps, wrapping his arms and legs around Dream, instinctively holding on tight.

Dream carries him to his bedroom and drops him on the bed, laughing. “You’re so heavy.”

“I didn’t ask to be picked up and *insulted*.” Dream leans down, straddling him as he pulls down George’s pants and pushes his knee up towards his chest. “Ugh, *Dream*.”

“Hm?” He looks up from kissing his way up George’s thigh. “Want me to stop?”

“Don’t you dare.”

Heat sparks in his abdomen as Dream hits a sensitive spot, taking a break from marking him to say, “Hand me the lube.”

George scrabbles at the drawer, grabbing the lube and a condom, for good measure and almost throwing them at Dream. “If there are not fingers inside me in the next two minutes, I swear to god.”

Dream winks at him and squeezes lube onto his fingers, rubbing them together to warm it up. “You’re so needy. I’ll fuck you when I fuck you.” He presses one hand to George’s chest, leading him back down.

He groans. Dream is an irredeemable tease every time they do this, without fail.

“Be good for me, baby.”

“Okay, okay.” He’s rewarded with a finger pressing inside him. He arches his back in response, groaning, and Dream presses him back down into the sheets. He leaves one hand on George’s chest, the other moving slowly inside him. It’s tortuously slow. He cant his hips upward, hoping to spur Dream to give him more.

He can’t help but smirk when the next inward stroke consists of two fingers.

It’s gratifying to see that Dream’s face is flushed, eyes alight, clearly enjoying this too as he opens George up. He crooks his fingers, and it sends sparks up George’s spine. “Oh fuck, do that again.” Dream obliges, hitting that spot again. With his eyes closed, George feels before he sees Dream’s warm, wet mouth around his cock. The keening sound he makes would be embarrassing if his brain wasn’t currently consumed with *yes* and *good* and *fuck*.

“Dream.”

“Mm hm?” He looks up at him through his lashes without stopping, lips stretched prettily around his cock, and George has to dig his nails into his palms to keep from coming on the spot.

He tangles his fingers in Dream's hair to pull him off his cock, breathing hard. "If you're going to fuck me, you have to do it now."

Dream adds a third finger, checking his prep job, and George thrashes on the bed. "Dream!"

He removes his fingers and kisses him placatingly. "Sorry. Sorry, baby. I just want to take care of you."

George means to answer, but Dream tugs his shirt over his head, dropping it behind them, and rips open the condom wrapper, which is a little distracting, to say the least. "Finally," he sighs. Dream thrusts inside him, setting a demanding pace that soon has George coming. Dream fucks him through it, and it's just this side of too much when Dream comes as well. They lie next to each other, panting.

It's so good right now, he doesn't want to ruin the moment with proposals or declarations. *I love you.*

Instead George says, "You've changed my life, you know that? For the better."

Dream touches his face lightly, broad palm cupping George's cheek like he's something precious. "You changed mine first."

The days pass by too fast, and he just can't find the right moment to tell him. He knows he has to do it before the deadline, but even with six of the ninety days left, he keeps ending up thinking *tomorrow, I'll tell him tomorrow.*

They're cleaning up when Dream puts his sponge down and states, "George, we need to talk."

"Yes." He's never been relieved to hear that phrase before. "I've been thinking the same thing."

Dream scrubs a hand through his hair. "I'm sorry George, but I don't think I can do this."

He misses his jump and crashes down into lava, sinking fast. "What?"

"I don't think I can marry you, like what if you find someone else you'd rather marry? And then we'd have to divorce and it'd be so messy, and, and, you know. You deserve to marry someone you love."

"But I don't want to marry anyone else."

"How can you *know* that?"

"Because, because..." He steps forward, gesturing hopelessly. "I love you." His shoulders feel lighter for admitting it out loud. "I want to marry the person I love, and I love you, Dream. Okay? And I'm not just saying that because I want the visa, I've loved you for longer than I even realized."

"Oh."

"Yeah 'oh'."

"I didn't know you felt that way, George."

"Well, I do."

Dream stares at him like he's seeing George for the first time. "I love you too," he says quietly, almost reverent, and kisses him. George kisses back passionately, holding onto fistfuls of Dream's t-shirt.

After a while, they pull apart for air. "You almost gave me a heart attack."

"What did you think was going to happen?"

"I don't know. That you'd reject me?"

"No way. I'm so obviously in love with you," Dream says.

"Marry me." George takes the box out of his pocket and offers it to Dream, who gapes at him. "Oh wait, am I supposed to kneel down?"

"Yes."

George lowers one knee to the ground, and Dream bursts out laughing. "No! I meant yes, I'll marry you."

His face splits open in a smile. He slides the ring onto Dream's finger, his hands shaking slightly.

"Wow," Dream breathes. "Wait here, I have something for you." He returns with a similar box, containing a gold band with a woven pattern, inlaid with a light blue stone. He returns the favor, and George intertwines their fingers, entranced.

"I should probably tell my family. They'll be ecstatic, I always tell them about you."

"I actually called my parents last week," George admits.

"And?"

"They demand invitations to our 'proper ceremony.'"

Dream laughs. "We can tell everyone tomorrow. Right now I want to keep you to myself."

George is with him the next day when Dream calls his family. He has to yank the phone away from his ear in order for the shouts of congratulations to not burst his eardrum.

They're playing Animal Crossing together when George muses, "Should we tell Sapnap?"

"I don't see why not."

So Dream texts him: *me and George are getting married*

Sapnap: *haha*

Dream: *no seriously*

"What did he say?"

"He's typing."

Sapnap: *get your asses in TeamSpeak right now*

“What the fuck,” is the first thing Sapnap says when they join the channel. “You’re actually getting married?”

“Yes, we are,” George laughs.

“Damn, when are you coming to Texas to marry *me*, George?”

“I don’t need you, I already have my epic K-1 visa.”

“Dream, he’s using you. Blink twice if you need help.” Dream just wheezes. “I guess I shouldn’t be surprised,” Sapnap continues, and George can hear the smile in his voice. “Congrats, idiots. You deserve each other.”

“Thanks.”

“You seriously should come visit me though, it would be so fun.”

“That would be fun, we could road trip.”

“Road trip? George, do you know how far it is to Texas from here?”

“How far is it?” George googles it. “Oh, maybe we shouldn’t.”

“It’s literally like twenty hours,” says Dream.

“They’re both in the south, how was I supposed to know?!”

“You suck, George,” laughs Sapnap.

They get married two days later at the courthouse. There’s no red carpet or polished diorite floor, but it’s perfect nonetheless. George smiles as he signs his name next to Dream’s on the certificate. Out of earshot of the official and witnesses, George jokes, “Who’s this Clay person, I thought I was marrying you, Dream.”

“You’re such an idiot.”

“And now you’re stuck with me.”

“Oh no,” Dream laughs. “May I please kiss the groom now?”

“You may,” George answers, kissing him first.

Dream’s parents insist on taking them out to dinner and taking many, many pictures.

“Your family is super nice,” George says later that evening, still in his suit.

Dream smiles. “They like you.”

“Well I should hope so. I’m very likable.”

Dream’s phone lights up. “Oh, my mom sent some more pictures.” They flip through them, George stopping on an image of their clasped hands, rings visible. “I should post this with no context,” Dream laughs.

“Actually do it.”

“Should I?”

“Yeah, people will freak. It’ll be so funny.”

Dream tweets it out, and George retweets it and comments, *everyone who just liked this better go subscribe to me. And Dream I guess.*

Dream laughs and sets his phone down, pulling George into his lap. “I love you.”

George knows the next year will probably be even crazier than this one between wedding ceremonies and road trips and moving house across the ocean. But he’s not scared anymore. “I love you too.”

## your hand forever's all I want

### Chapter Summary

They leave early on the first. George heaves his suitcase precariously into the trunk next to Dream's. The car is packed to the brim between their suitcases, PCs, and snacks. Dream leaves the windows cracked open as they head out, and the breeze ruffles his hair. Florida's weather is surprisingly predictable: beautiful in the morning, oppressively humid by ten o'clock, sudden, brief thunderstorm at four, and muggy until the sunset at nine. It's actually a benefit to be nocturnal: George was made for this. The early morning light suits Dream, reflecting off his sunglasses, his hands resting casually on the wheel. For the first hour, every mile is exciting, the landscape blurring past in a sea of greenery.

Or, George and Dream take a road trip to visit Sapnap for the Fourth of July.

### Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your lovely comments and feedback on *forever would be nice!* I had a lot of fun writing it, and all of the support definitely motivated me to write more of Dream and George. I want to give a special shout out to my brother, who always reads my drafts and supports me and to k3yb0aRdSMACK who commented that I should write the road trip mentioned at the end of *forever would be nice* as a bonus one shot. This is that bonus one shot.

Please remember to continue being chill and respectful of Dream and George and their friendship!

Chapter title is from [Don't Take the Money by Bleachers](#).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“How’d it go?” Dream asks, standing up from the uncomfortable chair. George holds up the horizontal piece of plastic, his face about to split open from grinning. “Let’s goooo!” George laughs like they just freed the end, giddy. “Let me see.”

“The picture is so bad.” George hands it to him.

“Every driver’s license picture is so bad.”

“Look, it’s like holographic.”

“Yeah, that’s the real deal.” Dream smiles and hands it back. “Drive us home, Baby Driver.”

“Baby Driver?”

Dream claps a hand on his shoulder, and George can feel himself reddening like Dream just kissed

him in front of everyone. He leans in as George walks through the door in front of him, murmuring, “Yeah, cause you know how to drive now, baby.”

“*Dream.*”

Dream tugs at the passenger-side door until George unlocks it, then slides in. “I’m very proud of you.”

“Yeah, I can tell,” George says cheekily, and kisses him. He means for it to be quick, but he can’t resist leaning into Dream, ignoring the gearshift digging into his hip. Dream’s hand is warm on the back of his neck, and it takes all his strength to pull away and turn the key in the ignition before they boil alive in the car.

“Sapnap’s never going to stop nagging us to visit now that we can split the drive.” Dream snaps a picture of George driving when they stop at a red light. “Can I send it to him?”

George glances at it. “Yeah, sure.”

A few minutes later, Dream bursts out laughing. “He says ‘are you on your way?’”

“Ask him when he’s free.” Before he can text back, George hears the distinctive Facetime ringtone.

“George one mil and driver’s license let’s go!”

George laughs, activating his turn signal. “Thank you.”

“So when are you guys coming to visit?”

“Can you do next week?” Dream asks.

“Hmm let me check my schedule, I’m pretty busy,” Sapnap teases. “I can clear my calendar for you. Come for the fourth, it’ll be sick. Me and my friends always do fireworks.”

“Of July?”

“No George, the other day we all set off fireworks.”

Dream wheezes. “You’ve never celebrated it, have you, George?”

“No, obviously we never celebrated, and last year I didn’t get here until after the fourth.”

“Dream, we gotta go all out.” Sapnap’s schemes about parades and hotdogs and fireworks slowly give way to catching up. George puts his foot down about blowing any more holes in the ground with fireworks, but he’d be lying if he said he wasn’t excited.

George smiles, pulling into their driveway.

“What are you thinking about?” Dream asks.

“I’m just happy.”

They leave early on the first. George heaves his suitcase precariously into the trunk next to Dream’s. The car is packed to the brim between their suitcases, PCs, and snacks. Dream leaves the

windows cracked open as they head out, and the breeze ruffles his hair. Florida's weather is surprisingly predictable: beautiful in the morning, oppressively humid by ten o'clock, sudden, brief thunderstorm at four, and muggy until the sunset at nine. It's actually a benefit to be nocturnal: George was made for this. The early morning light suits Dream, reflecting off his sunglasses, his hands resting casually on the wheel. For the first hour, every mile is exciting, the landscape blurring past in a sea of greenery.

By the third hour, George is thoroughly bored. "How long is this state?"

"We have to go through the entire panhandle, so pretty long."

"Florida's not the only thing that's long," George says pointedly.

Dream laughs. "Want to stop for lunch?"

"Yeah, I'm hungry. *Hungy.*"

"I'm *hungry*," Dream parrots.

It feels delightful to stand up when they stop, George rising up on his toes to stretch out his legs, arms raised. He opens his eyes to Dream watching him. He licks his lips.

"What?"

"I can never tell if you're doing that on purpose."

"Doing what on purpose?" George flexes, passing it off as another stretch.

"Okay, now you're doing it on purpose," Dream laughs, leaning down to kiss him. George never expected to be kissing his *husband* in a McDonald's parking lot off of I-10, but he's a massive fan of pleasant surprises.

"I bet your ass is sore from sitting so long."

"George!" George grins unapologetically. "Later, baby," Dream murmurs in his ear in a way that never fails to make him shiver.

He wonders sometimes how they look to strangers, if it's obvious that they're married. George isn't the biggest proponent of PDA in front of other people, but he feels like it's clear in every smile and joke and the way they angle towards each other at the table that he loves him.

Back in the car, George eventually has to flip the visor down to block out the setting sun. "I can't believe we're still in Florida, this is taking *forever*."

Dream scrolls through the driving directions in the passenger seat. "We're almost to Pensacola, let's spend the night there." He cycles through radio stations as George follows the exit signs off the highway.

"Oh my god, is that the ocean?" George hadn't realized how close they were to the coast. He rolls the windows down and breathes in salt-scented air. Dream smiles, sitting up to get a better look.

"It's probably the Gulf Coast, actually." He sips from his water bottle. "Keep an eye out for a parking lot, I want to go down to the beach. We can get a room later."

George spots an entrance and parks there. It's a little crooked, but he's in the lines, and that's all that matters. He bounces on the balls of his feet. "Hurry up, Dream!"

Dream shuts his door. “I’m hurrying, you’re acting like we didn’t go to the beach like two weeks ago,” he laughs. He laces his fingers through George’s, swinging their arms back and forth as the ground under them goes from blacktop to sand.

“Wait.” George takes off his shoes, tucking his socks into his trainers and holding them in his free hand. Dream follows suit. The sand is pleasantly warm under his soles as his feet sink into it. The setting sun’s reflection shimmers in the water, tinting the water golden. He gasps when the waves wash over his toes, wading in further. “Dream, get in here, the water’s perfect.” He looks over his shoulder to see Dream aiming his phone camera at the sunset.

Dream wades in next to him, causing little ripples that catch the light and splash up George’s ankles. The gentle crashing of the waves is soothing white noise, and George reaches down to pick up a shell peeking out from the sand. “It’s beautiful,” he says.

Dream points his phone at George, snapping another picture. “Yes, you are.”

George can’t help his embarrassed laugh and the grin mirroring Dream’s own, even as he complains, “Oh my god, Dream, that’s so cheesy, I can’t believe you said that.”

Dream chuckles and silences his protests with a kiss. They watch the sunset together, hand in hand, until it becomes too dark to see. The sand sticks to their now-wet feet, but George can’t find it in himself to be annoyed right now. It’s like when the sun dipped below the horizon, it settled itself right here in his chest, swelling so large there’s only room for warmth.

He falls asleep to the sound of waves.

For a disorienting, chest-tightening moment, George has no idea where he is. For a moment, he’s back in his bed in London.

Dream stirs, pulling the blankets towards him and inadvertently exposing George’s calf to the cold breeze from the aircon.

He sits up, tucking his legs back under the blankets. They’ve almost been married a year now, which is crazy, but it’s also harder and harder to remember his life without Dream in it. This has to be one possible timeline out of a million, a thousand little actions and decisions culminating in George here, in a hotel room next to Dream, his husband, starched sheets pooled around his waist. He touches Dream’s face lightly, the gold band on his left hand catching the sunlight sneaking through the window despite the blinds’ best efforts. Four-leaf clovers have nothing on George.

The words bubble up in his chest, and he lets them flow out, whispering, “I love you.”

Dream hums, curling into George’s side. It’s endearing how he always scrunches up to fit into the curve of George’s body, tucking his long legs up towards his chest. Dream’s breath tickles George’s neck as he mumbles, “I love you too.” George lies back and closes his eyes, wrapping his arm around Dream’s shoulders. He’s not sure how long they lay like that, breathing in tandem, long enough for him to hear movement in the hallway and for Dream to sigh and open his eyes, stretching.

“Good morning.”

“Morning. What time is it?” Dream’s hair is plastered down on the pillow side, and he looks so ridiculous George has to bite his lip to keep his smile from becoming a laugh. “What?”

“Nothing. You’re cute.” Dream puffs out his chest the way he always does when George compliments him, the corner of his mouth sloping up.

George kisses that corner like a target, wrinkling his nose at both of their morning breath, but unwilling to stop as Dream deepens the kiss, hand warm on the back of his neck. It never gets old to feel how Dream goes pliant and desperate underneath him as he presses Dream into the mattress. He kisses his way down Dream’s neck, tugging the loose collar of his t-shirt down to suck a mark where no one else will see, but they’ll both know it’s there.

Dream sighs, tugging at George’s shirt until he takes it off. He touches the red mark under his collarbone, grinning. “I think we have a little time.”

George raises an eyebrow. “Time for what?”

“Are you really going to make me beg?” Dream’s face is already a little pink, eyes surprisingly predatory for someone pinned to a bed. He tends to flush all over, and George is itching to get his clothes off and look. A little patience always pays off though.

“What do you want, Dream?”

“You.” He sits up but George presses him back down.

“Be more specific, love.”

Dream affects a high, mocking voice in response. “Please fuck me, George, I want your cock inside me.”

George moves to get up, shrugging. “It’s fine if you don’t want to, I’ll just get washed up.”

“Come on.” Dream catches his arm, tugging. “*George.*”

“Yes?”

Dream sighs deeply. “Just fuck me already. Please.”

“I suppose I can squeeze you in.”

“Oh my god, you are the *worst*, George—” He inhales sharply, canting his hips up when George grasps his cock, stroking roughly.

“So desperate,” he murmurs. Dream scoffs, settling back. “Up.” Dream lifts his hips up long enough for George to slide his shorts down. He reaches for the bedside drawer out of habit before realizing it’s empty except for a Bible. “Fuck.” He rolls off Dream and digs in his suitcase for the lube and condoms, carrying his prizes back to Dream. “Now, where were we?”

“Stop stalling!” George coats two fingers with lube and and prods at his hole, circling before sliding one finger inside him. Dream hisses. “That’s cold.”

“It’s what you get for being so impatient.” George crooks his finger inside Dream, moving in and out slowly. Dream runs his fingers through George’s hair, grasping involuntarily when George adds another finger, scissoring to open him up in a way that always drives Dream crazy. He’s breathing quicker now, freckles blending into his flushed cheeks. He’s so hot like this. George means to tease him longer, but he’s aching to finish prepping and fuck him already.

“Look at you,” George murmurs, adding a final finger. Dream moans, squirming on the bed.

“George, I’m ready.”

George strokes a few more times before pulling his fingers out and rolling the condom onto his cock. He grips Dream’s hips and thrusts slowly into him until he bottoms out. “Fuck.”

Dream sits up halfway to kiss him deeply, making an intriguing sound into his mouth when George starts moving again. It takes conscious effort to start slow and let Dream get used to the stretch. His ass is so tight around his cock, it’s amazing, and he tells Dream so.

Dream’s smirk transforms into a gasp as George thrusts in deeper, hands on Dream’s hips for leverage. “Fuck, right there baby.” George aims for that spot again, and Dream moans, clenching tighter around George in a dizzying way. It doesn’t take much longer before he’s coming.

He opens his eyes to the gorgeous sight of Dream spread out beneath him, hands fisted in the sheets to keep from touching himself. It sends another wave of heat through his stomach. “Please, George, please I’m so close.”

“Come for me.” George bends down to take Dream’s cock in his mouth, sucking at a breakneck pace until he feels Dream shudder, fisting a hand in his hair. He swallows and pulls off, settling next to Dream with a satisfied smile.

He rolls over and presses his face into George’s neck, breathing out an emphatic, “Fuck.”

George giggles, his limbs warm and heavy from the endorphins.

“What time is it?” Dream asks eventually.

George checks his phone. “Eleven.”

“What time is checkout again?”

“Eleven thirty.” Their eyes meet and a second ticks by, wasted, before they bolt out of bed, Dream laughing.

George couldn’t get his bag to zip all the way with the way he shoved everything in, and Dream’s hair is actively dripping onto his inside-out t-shirt, but they’re in the lobby at eleven twenty-nine, handing over their keycards.

“Worth it,” comments Dream, taking off his shirt to flip it right-side-out in the parking lot.

“Definitely.”

They whoop when they finally cross the border into Alabama. “I never thought I’d be happy to see a ‘Welcome to Alabama’ sign,” Dream quips.

Compared to Florida, driving through Alabama and Mississippi is relatively quick as they skirt the coast, heading for Louisiana. Dream taps his fingers on the wheel to the beat of something George is pretty sure has cycled through the playlist three times at this point, singing along with what sounds like gibberish under his breath. “How many more miles to New Orleans?” he asks.

George checks the driving directions. “Ten more. Look out for exit 235A.”

“Ten? That’ll take like, ten more minutes.”

“Yes...that’s how time works, Dream.”

“Shut up, I’ve been driving for three hours.”

“We’re almost there, 9.8 more miles. What do you even want to do in New Orleans?”

Dream shrugs. “I don’t know, it just seems cool and we’re going right by it.”

“Alright, we’ll figure it out.” The view from the window is still intriguing as it fluctuates from forest to field to coast, but George finds himself looking at the cut of Dream’s jawline and set of his shoulders instead more than he’d care to admit.

“I’m kinda hungry. Can you look up like places to eat?” Dream glances over his shoulder before changing lanes, closing in on their exit.

George scrolls through the search results, settling on a nearby sandwich shop. “This place seems good, it says they’re famous for their ‘po’ boys’?” he says, slowly sounding out the syllables.

Dream laughs. “You say that so weird.”

“What is it?”

“A po’ boy?” It sounds so smooth when he says it, the syllables flowing into each other. “I’ve never had one, but it’s like a sandwich New Orleans is famous for. It sounds good.”

“Great, let’s go there.” George programs the address in, and it leads them to a brightly-painted shop shaded by an awning. This part of the city is surprisingly cozy, houses strung together in tight rows like Christmas lights, the narrow street nestled between them. The entire place is packed with people. Dream circles around the block a few times before finding a parking spot. The humid air smacks George in the face when he swings open the car door, but something smells delicious, so it’s a trade-off.

Dream locks the car and slips the keys in his pocket while George walks around the hood to him. “This place definitely passes the vibe check.”

Dream falls in next to him as they head for the shop, laughing. “Why can’t you just say it’s cool?”

Dream’s hand brushes against George’s, and he takes it. “You’re about to fail the vibe check.”

“Oh my god,” Dream says fondly, squeezing his hand.

They end up splitting the po’ boy, sitting on a bench outside. George lets out a surprised, delighted noise when he bites in. “That’s good.”

“Yeah, I wasn’t sure how roast beef and shrimp would taste together, but I like it.” Dream takes a picture of the sandwich.

“Who are you, Kylie Jenner?” George teases.

“What? Doesn’t she do like makeup?”

“I’m sure she’s posted pictures of food.”

“So has literally everyone else.”

“I guess I’m not one to talk,” George concedes. He looks up from taking another bite to see Dream

aiming the camera at him. “Hey!”

Dream grins and shows him the screen. He caught George mid-laugh, the sandwich blocking part of his face. “It’s a good picture.”

George isn’t sure if he’s ever seen himself like this, face so open and happy. If this is what Dream sees all the time, George supposes he might have fallen in love with himself too. “It is, actually.”

Dream rolls his eyes. “*Actually.*”

“You can post it if you want,” George says casually, going back to enjoying his food.

“*Munchin’*,” Dream says slowly as he types it out and posts the picture and caption. George giggles, almost choking on a chunk of bread.

When they finish, they start exploring the city, strolling through the quarter. Eventually, the bustling streets give way to a quieter area with more palm trees and colorful houses that look like they’ve been there since before the Civil War. The houses in the garden district look more like fancifully decorated cakes than living spaces to George, but he’s reasonably sure if he cut into one of the pink walls, he’d find drywall and not sponge.

Dream loves taking pictures as much as he hates being in them. His camera roll must be filled by now with trees, buildings, sunsets, George, food, knickknacks, George, all immortalized in jpeg form.

Eventually, they circle back to the car, George claiming the driver’s seat. The sun’s still high in the sky. “How far are we from Houston?”

Dream plugs Sapnap’s address back into his phone. “Five hours. We could probably get there tonight.”

George buckles his seat belt. “Then let’s get this show on the road.”

The novelty of driving has worn off a little at this point, but it’s still deeply satisfying to see the highway stretched out before him, Dream dozing in the passenger seat as music drones quietly in the background. In direct challenge to the concept of Circadian rhythm, Dream wakes up when it starts getting dark. George switches on the headlights as Dream stretches, yawning.

“How long was I out?”

“Only a couple hours.” George glances at him before adding, “You were drooling.”

Dream scrubs at his face. “Gross. Why didn’t you wake me up?”

“I wanted to let you sleep.”

Dream hums at that, lacing his fingers behind his head, showing off his biceps. George turns up the music. He doesn’t think words aren’t necessary, Dream knows him better than anybody. He must know how happy George is to be here with him by the soft smile on his face, but he tells him anyway.

Dream blinks at him, the corners of his mouth tilting up seemingly involuntarily. “Me too, George. This has seriously been the best year of my life. For a lot of reasons, but you’re like the main one.”

Dream sighs. “I phrased that weird. You know what I mean?”

George does.

He can tell they’re in the home stretch when the landscape fades into desert. Suddenly, Dream says, “Pull over.”

“What? Here?”

“Yeah, onto the shoulder.” George complies, confused. He turns the car off, the sudden lack of headlights leaving him squinting in the dark. Dream leans forward, peering through the windshield. His breath catches. “George, look.”

“Oh.” He’s never seen so many stars. As his eyes adjust, they seem to burn brighter, a thousand little lights coming into focus. Dream gets out, and George follows suit. He hears sand crunching as Dream pads around and hops on the hood of the car.

He pats the space next to him. “Come here.”

George sits next to him, the hot metal searing his thighs before fading into a dull warmth. Dream pulls him close with an arm around his shoulders. George looks up, floored by the vastness of desert sky. He feels almost weightless, like he would float away if not for Dream’s arm around him, anchoring him to the earth. “There’s so many.”

“I know, I wasn’t sure how many we’d see cause of the highway, but you can really see more out here.”

George tucks his head into the spot between Dream’s chin and shoulder. He can feel the steady rise and fall of his chest. “It’s beautiful.” He feels a light press of lips to his forehead. It’s much cooler without the sun beating down, and a gust of wind caresses his cheek. He closes his eyes for a moment.

When he opens them again, the stars seem closer somehow, curving around the earth like an embrace. Dream squeezes him, mashing his face into Dream’s neck. He huffs. “I’ll drive the rest of the way,” says Dream, voice hushed.

“Okay.” George takes his face in his hands and kisses him long and slow. It’s another few minutes before they get back in the car.

It’s almost midnight when they pull into Sapnap’s driveway, and George has barely collected his things before Sapnap himself is bounding out to meet them.

“Bring it in,” he whoops, hugging George so hard he stumbles backwards, bringing his hands around to squeeze back.

“Hello!”

Dream gets his hug next, laughing. “What’s up?”

“I’ve been waiting for you guys all day,” Sapnap whines, releasing Dream.

“Wait, who’s taller?” Dream asks mischievously. George stands up straighter.

“Back to back, George, come on.” George obliges, pressing his back to Sapnap’s. “What do you think, Dream?”

“Hm...” Dream drags his palm over their heads, deliberating. “Sapnap. By a *tiny* bit.”

“No way!”

“Yes way,” Sapnap crows.

“This is not fair.”

“It’s fine, George,” Dream laughs, slinging an arm around his shoulders and pressing a kiss to his head. “You’re not that short.”

George pouts. “Sure, that’s what you say now.”

Sapnap gapes at them. “Damn, sometimes I forget you’re actually married.” George smiles to himself. He hears Dream laugh, and Sapnap shakes his head. “You’re both so lame. Let me help you with your bags.”

Sapnap gives them a house tour, and they drop their stuff off in the guest room. George is too excited to be tired anymore as they catch up standing around the kitchen table. Eventually, they move to the couch, talking and laughing late into the night. It just feels *right*, deeply satisfying like finally completing a puzzle, the last piece slotting into place.

There’s a lull in conversation, the long day finally catching up to them. George takes a deep breath and says, “You guys are my best friends.”

“Aww, George,” Sapnap coos. “You’re my best friend too.” His tone is flippant, but his smile is real. Dream hooks an arm around each of them, pulling them off balance into him so they all end up in a tangled heap. Someone’s foot grazes George’s ribs, and his elbow makes its way into someone else’s thigh, and it may be the lack of sleep, but they can’t stop laughing.

“Yes!” Dream crows, flinging himself back into the couch, controller still in hand. “You owe me five bucks.”

“Not fair, you said you’d never played Smash before!” Sapnap groaned.

“Come on, it was only one time.”

“Not. Fair.” Sapnap’s phone lights up on the coffee table, and he stops arguing to look at it. When he smiles and types something back, George knows something is up.

“Who are you texting?”

“No one,” Sapnap retorts. Dream and George exchange a look. “Fine, it’s just this girl I know, she’s coming to the party tomorrow.”

“Oooh,” they chorus, and Sapnap rolls his eyes.

“Why did I invite you here again?”

“Because you loooove us,” Dream chimes in.

Sapnap sighs, fighting a smile.

“So when do we get to meet her? Tomorrow?” George asks.

“Never, you idiots will scare her away.”

“I’ll be on my best behavior,” George promises. Dream nods, eyes wide in faux-innocence.

Sapnap narrows his eyes. “Maybe.”

They finally roll out of bed the next day in the early afternoon. Dream and George are almost done brushing their teeth when Sapnap pops his head in. “Help yourselves to some food,” he tells them, scratching his jaw. “I’m gonna shower.”

They scrounge in the pantry for some cereal, pouring it out. George grabs milk from the fridge, topping off each of their bowls.

“I love you,” Dream smiles, handing him a spoon.

“I love you too,” George answers easily.

Sapnap gasps audibly behind them, hair still wet. “Dream, I don’t want to be the one to tell you this, but that is *not* George, he’s gotta be some like alien creature that snatched his body.”

“It’s okay, Sapnap, don’t be jealous,” George jokes. “I love you too.”

For the first time in his life, Sapnap is shocked into silence. It feels strange to be so flippant with saying those three words, but it’s the truth. He loves Sapnap very differently from the way he loves Dream, but he loves him all the same.

“Nice going, George, you broke Sapnap,” Dream wheezes.

Sapnap shuts his mouth and comes over to ruffle George’s hair. “I love you too, George, even if you’re an alien.”

People start arriving a few hours later. Sapnap thrives on having a house full of people, bouncing between his friends like a pinball, typically with his arm around the girl in question, who is apparently called Alexis.

“Want some lemonade?” Dream asks.

“Sure.” He takes the cup handed to him before realizing, “Wait, is this—”

“Sprite.”

“Thank you,” he smiles. There are some things he’ll never get used to about living in America. Flat lemonade is one of them.

The sun is setting before George realizes it. Sapnap returns from the garage with a box full of fireworks packaged in cartoonish fonts and colors. He and his friends start assembling a launchpad, and Sapnap presses a lighter into George’s hand. “As this is your first Fourth of July, George, I’d like you to have the honor of setting off the first firework,” he announces to cheers.

“Okay, um how do I do this?” He tests the lighter, the small flame warming the metal wheel under

his thumb. “Ouch, that’s hot.”

Sapnap laughs. “Light the bottom and then walk away.”

George carefully kneels next to the firework, flicking the lighter a couple times to get it lit. The end starts smoldering and he hastily backs away, stumbling into the edge of the deck. Dream steadies him with a hand on his back, and they watch together as the firework hisses and suddenly shoots up, exploding with a pop high in the air, light scattering like stars. Delighted laughter bubbles out of him. “Okay, I get it now. That’s epic.”

Sapnap high-fives him. “Yes, dude!”

Soon, the sky is filled intermittently with firework explosions. They seem so close, the boom echoing in George’s ear as the darkness is split by shimmering fractals of red, white, and blue. Dream tilts his chin up and kisses him, lips soft against his own.

“Ew, gross,” says Sapnap, leaning down to kiss Alexis in mock protest.

George’s first instinct is to tease Sapnap back, but Dream intercepts him with another kiss, an arm snaking around his waist.

“We should do this again next year,” Dream suggests.

“Hell yeah. Next time, we should road trip out to L.A. or something together,” adds Sapnap.

The possibilities stretch out in front of George like the smoke trails criss-crossing the sky, remnants of the dazzling explosions, and a promise of more to come.

George smiles. “I can’t wait.”

## Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed please comment and let me know! Validate me smile :)

## End Notes

This is the longest thing I’ve ever written. Please comment and let me know if you enjoyed! Validate me smile :)

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